

THE

Antigonian and Bostonian Beauties ;

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POEM.

Occasion'd by seeing the ASSEMBLY, at St.

John's Antigua, on Thursday the 7th
of *July*, and afterwards at *Boston*, in
King-street.



----- on *she* came ;
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye ;
In ev'ry Gesture Dignity and Love.

MILTON.



By *W. S. A. B.*



B O S T O N :

Printed and Sold by D. FOWLE in *Queen-street*,



The BEAUTIES, &c.

YE sacred Nine, whose sweetly flowing strains,
So long have charm'd *Britannia's* blissful plains;
So long have given her tuneful sons to claim,
The foremost rank amidst the rolls of fame ;
That *Grece* herself, your whilome fav'rite shore,
Deserted, boasts your residence no more ;
But yields the glory to that pleasing grove,
Where *Waller* warbl'd forth his slighted love :
Where *Denham*, *Dryden*, *Pope*, or *Prior* sung,
Or matchless *Shakespear* charm'd the list'ning throng :
Where *Chaucer* 'erst reform'd th' unpolish'd swains,
Or greater *Milton* breath'd diviner strains :
Where *Avon* flows, or gently winding *Tweed*,
Or *Thames* reflects the primrose painted mead.
And since no more by fam'd *Castalian* spring,
But *Cowper's* hill, or *Windsor* shades ye sing ;
O let me thence your heav'nly aid implore,
To themes unsung by British Muse before :
The sparkling charms of th' *Antigonian* fair ;
For Beauty still shou'd be the Muses care :
For this, forsake your lov'd retreats awhile,
And deign to visit our remoter Isle.
What tho' the soul-enliv'ning source of Day,
Illumes our plains with more intemp'rate ray ;
Yet cooling breezes fan the sultry noon,
And yield delights beneath a torrid sun.
What tho' no streams meander thro' the plains,
To slake the fev'rish thirst of languid swains ;

Yet

Yet spring and summer join to charm us here,
And endless verdure crowns the blooming year.

Come then *Aonian* Maids, come tuneful choir,
And beam upon our Isle poetic fire.

Come *Paphian* goddess, queen of love's domain,
With all the subjects of thy gentle reign ;

The comely Graces from th' *Idalian* grove,

And little blind, but potent god of love ;

Eros and *Anteros*, with *Hymen* join'd,

Nor leave the goddess of bright youth behind ;

While wakeful fancy wantons in your train,

T'exalt my numbers, and improve my strain,

BEGIN the Song from that most pleasing night,
When late th' assembl'd charmers shone so bright.

The dazling ring, whose rosy smiles could move,

The frozen hermits icy breast to love ;

And like the sun that gilds the *Greenland* sea,

Make horrors shine and ev'ry gloom look gay.

Hail beauty, hail ! tho' earthly, yet Divine,

For what knee bows not to thy sacred shrine ?

While meaner Monarchs, meaner rule maintain,

A vassal-world acknowledges thy reign.

The prince that shines beneath th' Imperial crown,

For thee wou'd lay the sacred sceptre down ;

While suppliant crowds to him bow down the knee,

More suppliant far he bends his soul to thee.

The heroë tried in many a well-fought day,

With pride confesses thy superior sway,

And crowns and kingdoms, trophies to his arms,

Lays with his heart, a trophy to thy charms.

THE humble peasant at thy pleasing smile,

Forgets the mis'rises of perpetual toil,

And pleas'd can burn beneath the scorching sun,

To taste thy favours when his work is done.

WHEN

WHEN virtue dwells with thy angelic form,
To her smooth paths thou canst the sinner charm :
But when, alas ! thou treadst the sinners road,
Thou canst delude the saint himself from God.

THE sullen *Cynic* who avoids thy arms,
Blasphemes because he merits not thy charms,
And flies with dire remorse thy soft abode,
As *Atheists* shun the arguments for God.

THE savage *Indian*, whose death-dealing bow
Is all his art, and all he seeks to know,
Amidst the clouds of ignorance can see
A Pow'r Divine, and likens it to thee.

SUCH beauty is, and so divinely bright,
Did she display her heav'nly charms that night.
In each accomplish'd, sweetly smiling fair,
In sportive innocence assembled there.

BUT aim, my muse, in soft mellifluous lays,
To give to fame each lovely fair one's praise ;
Such lofty themes to greater bards belong,
But where such merit calls, attempt the song.

BEHOLD the long-wish'd hour approaches nigh,
And sable darkness veils the clouded sky,
Cecilia's sons th' harmonious lyre attune,
And blazing lights recal the absent noon ;
When *DELIA* thro' th' admiring numbers prest,
Like *Phæbus* rising from the golden East ;
Where art first seem'd her utmost skill t' express,
In all the rich magnificence of dress :
But *Delia* smil'd so innocently gay,
That lovely nature bore the prize away.

BUT hark ! the murm'ring plaudit's far and near,
Proclaim th' approach of *SACHARISSA* fair,
She comes, she comes ! behold th' enchanting maid :
What pity 'tis such blooming charms shou'd fade.

Shall

Shall that soft breast of undissolving snow,
Forget to rival all that's fair below ?

Ah lovely maid ! redeem the time that flies,
Fast as new conquests from thy sparkling eyes ;
Redeem the time, and in thy lover's truth,
O prove the best preservative of youth.

BUT see where lovely FLAVIA moves a queen,
Divinely sweet, ineffably serene.

Where'er she wings her way, ill-nature flies ;
When e'er the charmer speaks, resentment dies.
Where charms like these our admiration move,
To see the fair but once, must be to love.

BUT see where like the bright return of day,
CHLORIS in her approach illumines the way.
So fair her form, and so sublime her parts,
That words wou'd only injure her deserts :
For where so many heav'nly beauties shine,
Angels shou'd sing, and language be divine !

BUT see like *Phæbe*, 'midst the starry throng,
Where PHILLIDA majestick moves along,
In whose soft frame ten thousand charms appear,
Sweet as the Spring, and as the morning fair.
Such outward charms the *Grecian* queen confest ;
But had such icy virtue steel'd her breast,
The hapless *Dardan* race had flourish'd long,
And other themes surviv'd in *Homer's* song.

THERE SYLVIA moves, where ev'ry beauty's join'd
To grace the person and improve the mind,
Whate'er the great, the amiable, and just,
Of virtue, beauty, sense or wit can boast.
In age itself her charms we shall adore,
That bane of beauty must improve her more ;
For what her lovely face a foe shall find,
Will add new beauties to her nobler mind.

BUT

BUT lo! the loveli'st of her lovely race,
 ORINDA comes, with more than mortal grace ;
 Whose passions led by virtue's dictates move,
 In one harmonious round of social love :
 For all that's tender dwells within her breast,
 Sure fairer frame ne'er harbour'd fairer guest.

BEHOLD the charming AMORETTA move,
 In graceful attitude the queen of love ;
 Beneath her rising front's horizon bright,
 Two radiant luminaries beam their light ;
 While down her bosom flow her lovely locks,
 Like *Phæbus* golden beams on chrystal rocks ;
 On either lip in soft conjunction meet,
 The cherry's ripen'd hue, and juicy sweet ;
 The soft retreat of her still softer breath,
 And sweet inclosure of her iv'ry teeth ;
 For all that can the raptur'd bosom charm,
 In picture join'd her lovely picture form.

BUT there the matchless CHLOE moves along,
 The sweetest theme to swell the poet's song ;
 The aromatic breath of *Sharon's* flow'rs,
 When wak'd by influence of vernal show'rs,
 Not half the melting sweetnesses can claim,
 That wanton round her love-commanding frame.

AND now DORINDA, beauteous maid, appears,
 In all the lovely pride of blooming years ;
 Whose gentle soul with endless sweetness fraught,
 Ne'er new the tempest of an angry thought.
 Compassion, peace, complacency, and love,
 The heav'nly springs that all her passions move.

THERE like the sun, ador'd in Persian plains,
 Bright FLORIMEL unlook'd-for conquest gains :
 Her unaffected innocence the same,
 As Eve's, e'er yet she look'd into the stream.

THERE

THERE lovely *STELLA* shines, in whom unite,
 Whate'er can charm the soul, or please the sight.
 Thrice happy he to whom it shall be given
 With her t' anticipate the joys of heav'n ;
 Whose silken smile or sympathetick tear,
 Can sweeten all the bitterness of care.

O could I teach my flowing strains to charm,
 Smooth as her soul and beauteous as her form ;
 My language like her lovely frame, refin'd,
 My thoughts sublime as her exalted mind :
 That mind that does the busy world despise,
 And in itself ascend the lucid skies.

Then shou'd her praise thro' ev'ry living line,
 In brightest bloom to future ages shine.

THERE *POLLY* like the dawn of flow'ry *May*,
 In youthful bloom makes all around her gay :
 For gloomy cares her chearful presence shun,
 As wintry clouds avoid the summer's sun,
 Her virtue to her wit adds double grace,
 As jewels take new lustre from her face.

THESE are the suns that gild our happy plains,
 The queens that share imperial love's domains.
 Imperial love, that passion wisely giv'n,
 To shew mankind a glimpse of future heav'n ;
 Where happy spirits find in endless love,
 The most sublime of all the joys above.

AND now the charmers fill the flaming hall,
 And form in choreal sets th' harmonious ball :
 In mazy dance to mirthful music move,
 And charm the soul ten thousand ways to love.

So *Venus* 'erst the nymphs and graces led,
 Beneath the silver moons depending shade ;
 So fir'd the breast of each admiring swain,
 Meand'ring lightly o'er the sylvan scene.

FAR hence each wretch whose sullen spleen would
aim,

Those soft amusements of the fair to blame ;
And murmur like the Owl that hate the sun,
At joys your apathy has never known.

BUT come ye vot'ries of the smiling fair,
Ye swains who boast their pleasing chains to wear :
Their pleasing chains, for that enchanting state,
Can render freedom dull, and bondage sweet !

COME join the Bard to hail the lovely ring,
With ev'ry wish the willing Muse can bring.
May ev'ry bliss to each bright charmer flow,
That lavish fortune can to merit shew :
Long unmolested by corroding cares,
May circ'ling pleasures crown their circ'ling years :
And when they yield to death's impartial chace,
New beauties, Phœnix-like, supply their place.

